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A TRIP TO YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK



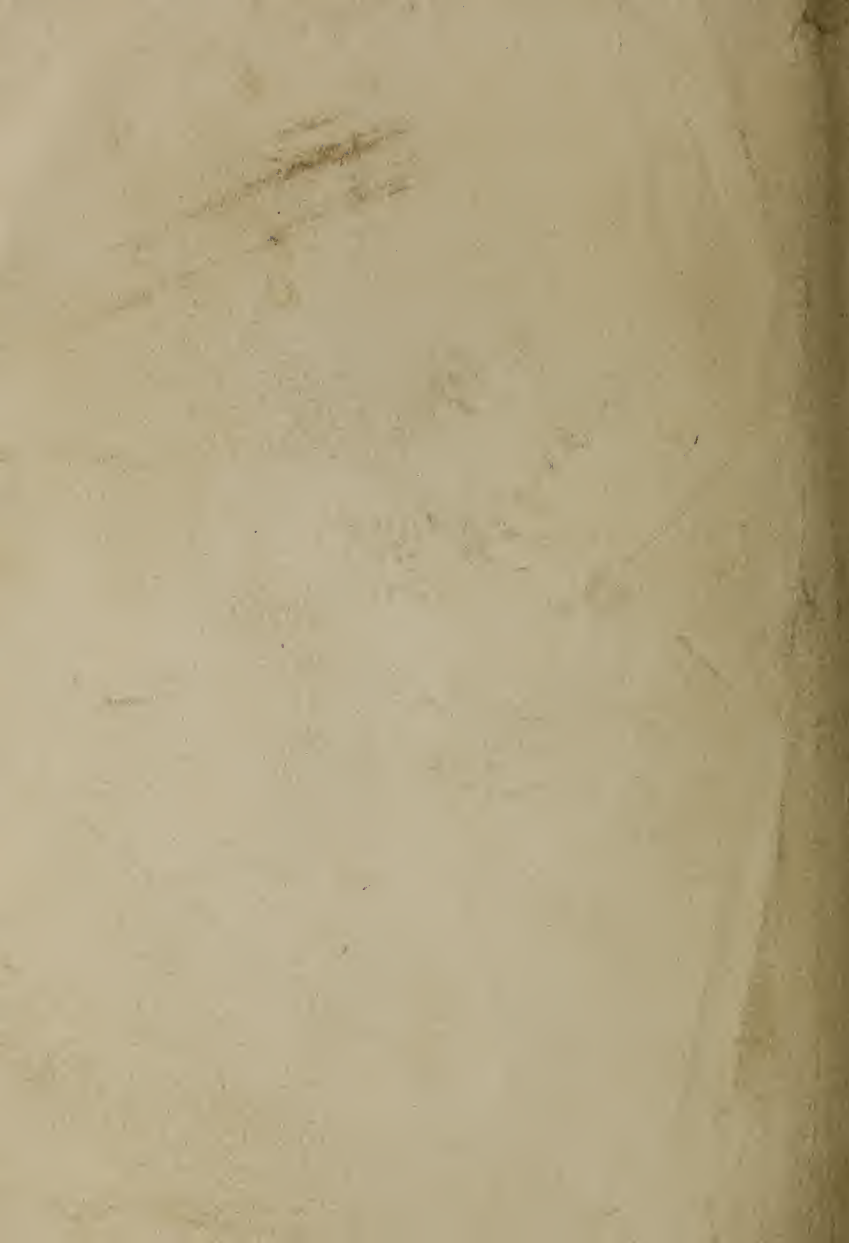
OVER THE
UNION PACIFIC
BY
RICHARD HENRY LITTLE

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A Trip to Yellowstone National Park



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UNION PACIFIC
— BY —
RICHARD HENRY LITTLE

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1909

A Trip to Yellowstone

A Trip to Yellowstone



IF ALL the summer amusement places the Yellowstone National Park is about the best. It's easy of reach, for one thing; no long trolley rides or anything like that. You get on a nice upholstered car at Ogden and retire to dream-land, and, when you come to, you see big trees outside of the window and George is prodding you through the curtains and saying: "We done got there. Yo' haf to git up right away." It's very simple.

The matter of getting to Ogden is your own affair. Anyhow the whole thing is an easy arrangement nowadays. You get in Chicago a ticket two yards and a half long and get on the train. That's all you have to do. The rest is all arranged.

You are chaperoned and personally conducted from then on to the Yellowstone and back again until they put you off the train in Chicago.

You leave everything else to the man.

He's the same man—because he's always so polite and considerate and says: "This way, please," "We stop here for luncheon," "You will please get in this stage," and "That's Old Faithful Geyser," and "Kindly follow me now around the formation."

He changes his appearance a good deal—sometimes he appears slender and graceful and again he is fat and corpulent, and sometimes he has chin whiskers and sometimes he is smooth of face. Anyhow he is "the man," and there's really no excuse for troubling about his various disguises.

Our expedition over the Union Pacific consisted of three individuals. There was the editor, the artist and the other. Our object was to see why the railroad was referred to as "The road of a thousand wonders." Also to discover Yellowstone Park. Yellowstone Park had been discovered before, but what cared we? We wished to discover it for ourselves.

FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH INDIANS

At Council Bluffs we rolled onto the tracks of the Union Pacific and our adventures were fairly begun. The train stopped for a few minutes in Omaha and the artist fared forth in search of Indians. He returned just as the train was pulling out and, to the editor's frantic appeal as to whether or not he had encountered any Indians, the artist finally replied, reluctantly, that in a saloon, across the street from the depot, he had been surrounded by them.

"Did they try to scalp you?" asked the editor, eagerly.

"No," said the artist, sadly, "they made me buy."

All that day we traveled through a section of country that saddened the editor and the artist beyond words. Having lived in Chicago all their lives, and never having gone any farther west than Halsted

Street, they had been filled with delicious hopes of seeing the train attacked by hostile Redskins, and, every time the engine whistled and slowed down for a station, they put their heads out of the windows in the hopes of seeing the fireman shooing buffalo off the track. But west of Kearney they took heart. Sometimes out of the car window we saw a real live cow-puncher, and the artist was thrown into a spasm of delight, toward the end of the afternoon, to note a cowboy who actually wore a big fat revolver. The train was standing at a station, and the cowboy with the revolver also wore a red silk handkerchief around his neck, and his legs were incased in a great white wooly pair of chaps. Then the editor emitted shrieks of childish laughter for, back of the cow-puncher with the gun, came four fiercely painted redskins wearing their war bonnets and carrying tomahawks in their hands. More cow-punchers riding tough little mustangs, and all picturesquely attired, came up close to the car.

"Talk about the old days of the West being gone," exclaimed the editor, "Why, there's just what we've read about all our lives."

The artist was so excited he could only gurggle.

A farmer across the aisle came over and looked out of the window. Then he called to his wife:

"Mirandy, Mirandy," he said, "come over here quick; there's a Wild West show in town."

The editor and the artist were so disgusted that they refused to look out of the window again until they were assured that the train was out of Nebraska.



"Why, there's just what we've read about all our lives!"

WHERE CIVILIZATION FAILS

The next morning, long before daylight, the editor and the artist were up in order not to lose a moment of the wonderful ride through Wyoming. And, on that day, they were happy enough to make up for their disappointment over the fact that they had not been shot to death by Apaches in crossing Nebraska.

"Civilization," said the editor, beaming brightly out of the window, "may convert Nebraska into a darned old truck farm, and scatter well dressed citizens around the depots in place of nice, greasy Indians, and change snorting buffalo into sad-eyed Jersey cows, but it can never move these mountains, whose tops glisten with snow, or take away these cañons or spoil the view down these wonderful valleys. It may make wheat and corn to grow in place of prairie grass, but when old Mr. Civilization comes up against these great copper-tinted cliffs along Green River, or the Devil's Slide, or the beetling crags of Echo Cañon, or Pulpit Rock, why, he's beat, that's all."

The only complaint that the artist had was, as he put it, that the Union Pacific was not "a road of one thousand wonders," but of one million. He never more than had his startled gaze fixed on one of nature's marvels alongside the track than it slipped away and another took its place.

"It's worse than a two-ring circus," said the artist. "Nobody but a man who has eyes in the back of his head, so that he can watch both sides of the track at once, could go over this road for the first time and

be happy. While I'm enchanted at some wonderful thing I'm watching out of one window, I'm suffering horrible tortures at the thought of what I'm missing on the other side of the car."

But, finally, the day ended with the editor and the artist so delighted and bewildered with what they saw that they had lost the power of speech and could only make signs when the train rolled into Ogden.

You don't think so much about the Yellowstone while you're on the Union Pacific. There's a very pretty widow going to Los Angeles, and there's a remarkably good-looking girl going out to China as a medical missionary. This last fact had a depressing effect on our personally conducted tour. The editor was stricken with what he thought must be either appendicitis or whooping cough, the artist had fatty degeneration of the heart, and I didn't feel very well myself. I had a high fever, and a pulse of 130 in the shade. At Ogden the widow from Los Angeles and the medical missionary passed from sight, and the patients all sat up and recovered rapidly.

GEORGE TELLS ALL ABOUT IT

Then we remembered about the Yellowstone, and in the quiet of a mountain twilight as the train on the Oregon Short Line carried us to the north, we induced George, the faithful porter, to tell us all.

"Mos' wonderful place you ever been in all yo' life," said George. "Dey's big hot watah geesers wot shoot right up in the air about foteen miles, an' dere's medium geesers and little teeney geesers an' white

geesers and blue geesers an' colored geesers. Who do you all think am goin' to win that prize fight at Frisco on the Fo'th? Ah don' think that air Battlin' Nelson got a look-in. Mistah Gans is a powahful man, a powahful man, sah. Ah bet—"

"Any buffalo in the park, George?" asked the editor.

"Yessah," said George, "dere am bufflo, an' ante-lopers, an' mooses, an' bars, an' ev'rything."

"Any elephants, George?"

"Oh, yessah, dere's all kin's of elephunts," replied truthful George. "I never seed 'um, but anothah pohtah wots been twicet trou' de pahk, he seed 'em. Sure, dere's elephunts all right. I dun like to go wif you all in de pahk, but I ah'd ruther go to San Francisco an' see Mistah Gans fight dat air Nelson. If Mistah Gans hits dat air Nelson jest oncet, dess oncet, right in de chin, it will be all ovah. I spect—"

"Any pterodactyls up in the park, George?" asked the editor, who was of an inquiring turn of mind.

"Ptero—what?" asked George.

"Why, George," said the artist, "I am surprised at you. You surely know that a pterodactyl is a cross between a dodo bird and a kazmakack. He has a long red tail all covered with purple spots, and he is often seen sporting about with killahlapops."

OPEN SEASON FOR PTERODACTYLS

"Oh, teroducktails," said George. "Shuah, I seed them up in the pahk. Once I went out fishing in the pahk an' a ole teroducktail chased me for foah miles."



"How many rounds o' fightin do you all think it will take foh Mistah Gans to make that Nelson go home an' min' his business?"

"What's the open season for pterodactyls, George?" asked the editor. "You know, the time when you can shoot them."

"Ah don't think de swatties let anybody shoot dem teroducktails no time," said the reliable George. "Anyhow, dey ain't good eatin' 'cept in wintah time. How many rounds o' fightin' do you all think it will take foh Mistah Gans to make that Nelson go home an' min' his business?" asked George.

"George," said the editor, severely, "your mind is so full of sordid details concerning a vulgar prize fight that it is of no use to attempt to engage you in conversation concerning natural history. You may now engage in a six-round, or to a finish, contest with our shoes while we slumber."

We left George still soliloquizing regarding the greatness of Mr. Gans and sought our sleep.

The next morning, after George had succeeded in getting all the tourists off the car, they followed the man into a restaurant on the edge of the park and after breakfast the Yellowstone stages rolled up, and the tourists were handed aboard for the trip through the park.

IN HANDS OF BO HUGHES

We were intrusted to the tender mercies of Bo Hughes. Bo Hughes was the driver of our rig. He was less than one hundred pounds in weight, and it was hardly necessary for him to state in so many words that he was a converted jockey. Bo Hughes' pale eyes lit with joy when he saw his party. As we

drove away he expressed his satisfaction by drawing a large plug of tobacco from his pocket and asking if any "gent" present would be sore if he took a little bite. The gentlemen said there would be no ill feeling.

"Gee," said Bo, with a deep sigh of relief, "say, I hain't drawed nothin' for my load the last four times but schoolma'ams an' ole ladies. I hain't a knockin' schoolma'ams or ole ladies, understand. They're all right. But I can't eat terbacker when they're along. An' then the schoolma'ams they always know more about the park than I do, an' I've been a savage up here for three or four years. An' they're all punchin' me in the back and sayin':

"'Oh, drivah, what's that pahth ovah theah?'

"An' I say:

"'That's a elk slide.'

"An' they say:

"'Now, drivah, don't think you can deceive us. The ideah of elk sliding down that dreadful place. The ideah.'

"An' then I say:

"'All right, ma'am. You asked me what it was an' I told you.'"

BEAVER DAMS AND PROFANITY

"An' then pretty soon they punch me in the back again an' say:

"'Oh, drivah, what is that?'

"An' I say:

"'That's a beaver dam.'

"Then they pretty near have a fit an' I hear 'em talking behind my back about reporting me to the company for swearing and then one of 'em digs me in the back again and says:

"'What is that, drivah?'

"An' I says: 'That's a beaver darn.'

"An' they look in the guide books an' say, 'Drivah, do not try to impose upon us. I suppose next you'll show us a beaver suspension bridge an' tell us that beavers built the bridges and the hotels.'

"An' I say: 'All right, ma'am, but when you ask me what anything is I got to tell you.'"

Whereupon the happy Hughes spat, in contemplative enjoyment, at a telephone pole.

We rode in silence for awhile. Then Bo Hughes observed that we would arrive at the first geyser at noon and have luncheon at the Fountain Hotel, nineteen miles from Yellowstone Station.

SOME BRAND NEW FAUNA

"That's a pretty good camp," observed Mr. Hughes. "There's a fine bunch of heavers there, but they hain't got no use for nobody but swatties. The savages hain't got no chance at all."

"The guide book," observed the editor, "while somewhat profuse in its descriptions of geysers, paint pots, obsidian cliffs, cañons and the like, is painfully reticent regarding heavers, swatties and savages. Are they geysers or wild animals?"

"Heavers," observed Mr. Hughes, "is a name what they have in the park for the gals what waits on the



"Gentlemen, it's the women what makes the trouble in this world."

tables in the hotels. A lot of 'em are schoolma'ams and college gals, an' things like that, who come up here for the vacation an' pay for their trip by heavin,' which is Yellowstone for waitin' on the table.

"A swattie is a soldier. There's four troops of swatties in the park. They belong to the Eighth United States Cavalry. The government keeps 'em here to keep dudes from stealin' the geysers. Dudes is what all the savages and swatties calls the tourists.

"The savages are what us drivers are called by the heavens an' the swatties and the hotel people. We call each other Bo. For instance, all the savages when they meet me say, 'Good-mornin', Bo,' er 'Good-evenin', Bo,' er 'Gimme a chew, Bo,' like that—see?"

"Do the swatties and savages dwell in peace and happiness?" asked the editor.

"Well, they would, I guess," said Bo Hughes, after pondering for some time, "if it warn't for the heavens. Now, the savages are all good fellows, and the swatties are all right outside of being swatties, an' there hain't no reason why they shouldn't get along if it warn't for the heavens. That's what makes the trouble."

"What's the matter with the fair heavens?" asked the artist.

WOMEN, THAT'S THE TROUBLE

"Nothin' whatsoever," said Bo Hughes, solemnly, "'cept that they're women. Gentlemun, it's the woman what makes the trouble in this world. Here's, fer instance, a savage an' a swattie. They've been a

skirmishin' around the park together, a-fishin', an' campin, an' eatin', an' sleepin' together an' they are good friends—see? They come down to a hotel a-eatin' each other's tobacco an' a-singin' 'Comrades.' They're walkin' along an' a heaver comes out on the porch of the hotel an' sees 'em an' looks at 'em an' kind of smiles as she turns aroun'. That settles it, gentlemun. That swattie an' that savage have came to the end of their friendship. They drift apart. That afternoon the swattie takes the heaver over to show her the geyser an' the savage sits aroun' with murder in his heart. Then in the evening the savage takes the heaver down to see the bears an' the swattie goes to hunt a grindstone to sharpen his saber on. It's the old story, gentlemun," said Bo Hughes, shaking his head sagaciously, "whenever there's trouble between men there's allus the woman in the case."

Mr. Hughes' musings seemed to be of such a sad nature that we endeavored to change the subject, and so the artist began to prattle brightly of geysers.

RAISING GEYSERS AS PETS

"When you want to know anything about geysers," said Bo Hughes, "ask me. I've been hanging around these geysers so long they kinder know me. Honest, I got 'em trained to sit up an' eat out o' my hand. An these animals up here in the park! they know Bo Hughes. There goes Teddy Roosevelt now. You can't see him. He's a bear over there in the woods. Yessir, I know most of these animals by

name. They know me, too, an' if strangers weren't around they'd come right up to me."

"Are you personally acquainted with the fish?" asked the editor.

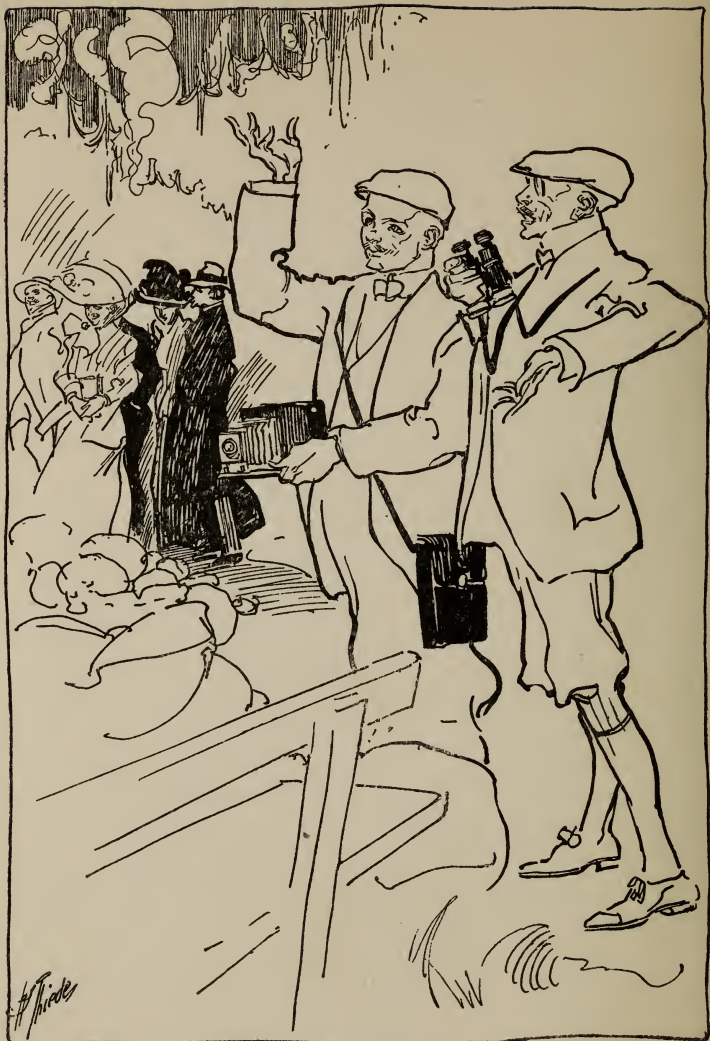
Bo Hughes, while not wishing to boast, admitted proudly that he had an intimate personal friendship with all the trout in the Yellowstone lakes and rivers. They would come up to the surface and wag their tails as he drove past and the beavers always climbed up on their dams and cheered whenever he came in sight. And as for the bears, Bo Hughes quietly left the impression that the bears would cry their eyes out if Bo Hughes didn't give them a wave of his hand when he drove by.

Kindness, said Bo Hughes, that was the word. Be kind to everything. The geysers were good to him because he always patted them on the head and spoke encouragingly of their performances.

The bears liked Bo Hughes because he always gave them a chew of tobacco. We hadn't known that bears chewed tobacco. Bo Hughes told us how wrong we were. If there is anything that a bear likes it's chewing tobacco. Mr. Hughes has been long in the Yellowstone and he knows. There was a brown bear away over by the lower basin that always waited for Bo Hughes to pass every week so as to get a chew of tobacco.

"Do the bears read light literature, or do they care more for biology and kindred serious works?" asked the editor.

Bo Hughes was offended at the remark, although



"Das ist ja colossal!"

it was not intended to be taken as anything more than an interested inquiry. Bo Hughes, however, observed that if anybody knew more about the bears in the Yellowstone than he did, of course he had nothing to say. .

ORGANIZING THE BEAVER UNION

After a long silence, however, Bo Hughes was induced to talk about his favorite animals, the beavers, which he did with considerable enthusiasm.

"Beavers," said Bo Hughes, "are the most imitative cusses I ever saw in my life. Say, them beavers are jest about human. Look at the dams they build. See how they cut down big trees an' take 'em out into the middle of the river an' weight 'em down with rocks an' fill in with dirt and twigs an' everything. And see how they build wing dams an' temporary dams an' everything. Talk about engineerin', the beavers have got everything else skinned to a finish."

Bo Hughes looked around cautiously and saw that his audience was with him and following intently every remark, so he warmed up in his eulogy of the industrious beaver.

"Yessir," said Bo Hughes, "beavers are wonders. They're pretty near human. They have a superintendent beaver an' a gang boss beaver an' the whole outfit. Why, there was a gang of beavers a-buildin' a dam up here while the hotel right near was bein' built. There was a lot of workmen from Ogden buildin' the hotel an' they got sore about something

an' went on a strike. About a couple of days later I went down to the beaver dam an' there was nothin' doin'. I saw the beavers settin' 'round in little groups. An' what do you suppose! Darned if them beavers weren't out on strike. Yessir, they had organized a beaver union an' were strikin' for more pay er shorter hours er something. Two beavers went to work on the dam, an' the rest of 'em came out an' drove 'em off, making a noise just like they was hollerin' 'Scab' at 'em. You may not believe that, but it's so, all right."

"What kind of a game of base ball do the beavers play?" asked the editor.

Bo Hughes looked cross. He shook the lines over his team.

"Giddep," he said.

We arrived at the Fountain House and saw the first geyser. The assembled sightseers stood at a respectful distance and gazed in wonder. The young lady from Clifton Springs looked long and earnestly and then turned to the artist.

"So this is the Fountain Geyser?" she asked.

"I think this is a geyser," said the artist, politely. "I would hardly say it was the Obsidian Cliff."

"Oh," said the young woman from Clifton Springs, in cold, sarcastic tones, "I thought it might be the Petrified Forest."

The artist was silent.

Now appeared on the scene two whom the other tourists soon named the Baedeker boys, Gottlieb and Rudolph. They were from Dresden, which is in Saxony, and they were taking a trip around the

world. This was their first appearance in an English-speaking country, and their English was limited and uncertain.

"Ach," said Gottlieb, gazing in wonder at the geyser, "das ist ja colossal."

"Das ist ja grossartig," said Rudolph.

BAEDEKER BOYS ENTRANCED

The Baedeker boys watched breathlessly for the next eruption, and when the water and steam burst from the ground they exclaimed in concert:

"Das ist ja wundershoen."

"Was ist das?" asked Gottlieb.

"Es ist im Baedeker," said Rudolph.

Gottlieb immediately produced Mr. Baedeker's faithful guidebook, which the two carried always with them, and which had given them their title of the Baedeker boys.

The Baedeker boys turned the pages of the guidebook and suddenly remembered their vows to speak English as much as possible to each other for the sake of practice.

"Here is it," said Gottlieb. "Listen which I read. Falls the water very far with grossartigem noise."

"Vat," said Rudolph, "such a zing it gifs not in Baedeker."

"It ist drue," said Gottlieb.

"Nein," said Rudolph, "ach, look, it is of Niagara Falls you read. Durn der pages over undt now here is it."



“This way please—kindly follow me around the formation!”

"Ach," said Gottlieb, and he read aloud of the wonderful geyser.

Then together the two gazed in rapture at the next performance of the geyser. Then together the Maennerchor sang this chorus:

"Das ist ja colossal."

"Das ist ja grossartig."

"Das ist ja wunderschoen."

"What sillies," said the English lady to her husband. "Fawncey, they're saying it's fine and all that sort of rot."

"They say it's great, grand and immensely beautiful," said a tourist who spoke German.

"What rot," said the English tourist pleasantly. "Beastly bore, I say, what?"

"Rawther," said the English lady.

"Just a beastly lot of steam," said the English tourist, "out of a beastly hole. Rot, I say."

"Das ist ja reizend," shrieked the delighted Teutons.

"They say it's ravishing," said the volunteer interpreter.

"Oh, hain't it just the cutest thing in the world?" said the young lady from Clifton Springs.

"Hot stuff, all right, all right," said the man from Kansas City.

"Wonderful, wonderful," gasped the American tourists.

"Oh, rot," said the English contingent.

ON THE SACRED FORMATIONS

The party now proceeded to walk about the sacred formations. Formations are referred to herein as sacred because they are so in the Yellowstone. The guide with a megaphone booms out at every hotel:

"We are now about to proceed over the FORMATIONS."

The rules and regulations signed with the awful seal of the Secretary of the Interior proclaim that you must not ride or drive or camp upon the FORMATIONS, you must not carve or engrave any name or picture upon the FORMATIONS, and altogether you must approach the FORMATIONS in a properly humble spirit and with due reverence.

It might be well to explain that by the "formations" is meant that part of the earth's surface formed by geyser action. Sometimes the formations are several acres in extent and a walk around them behind the guide with the megaphone takes some time.

Our personally conducted party after its ecstasy over the fountain geyser, tripped happily over the formation to the paint-pots. This is where the steam pushes its way out through a mass of fine, whitish substance which is in a state of constant agitation. (Fine language lifted in its entirety from the official guide book.)

The tourists grouped around the paint-pots and the glad chorus began again:

First, Gottlieb Baedeker: "Das ist ja colossal."

Next, Rudolph Baedeker: "Das ist ja grossartig."

The young lady from Clifton Springs, N. Y.: "Oh! hain't the paint-pots cute?"

The man from Kansas City: "Gee, it's fine business, all right."

Chorus of tourists: "Wonderful! Wonderful!"

The English contingent, by this time known as Lord and Lady Killjoy: "Nawsty mess, what?"

"Was ist das?" inquired Rudolph, solicitously to Gottlieb, pointing to the paint-pots.

"Es ist im Baedeker," said Gottlieb, solemnly, as he turned the pages of the sacred guidebook.

"It is full of salt," said Gottlieb, perusing his Baedeker, "and it is fuenfzig kilometers wide undt long also—"

"Nein, nein," exclaimed Rudolph, excitedly. "Vat, such a zing it gives not in Baedeker."

"Yah," said Gottlieb, "Es ist im Baedeker. Here is it."

"Nein, nein," said Rudolph, "you read there of the Great Salt Lake. Of the paint-pots, not. Durn the leaves, also. Here is it."

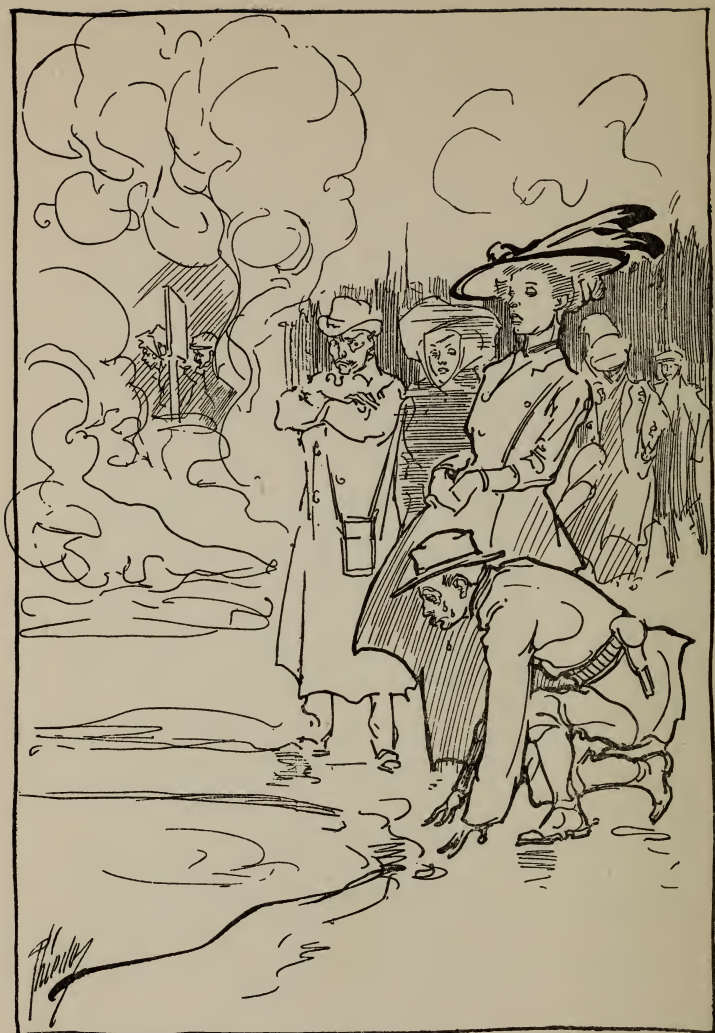
"Yah," said Gottlieb. "Here is it. Lisdén."

And Gottlieb read all the good Mr. Baedeker had to say regarding paint-pots.

All the tourists were summoned to luncheon at the Fountain Hotel. They partook of everything with great relish. So did the German Maennerchor, but they eyed the sweet-corn on the cob curiously.

"Vas is das?" asked Gottlieb.

"Ist es im Baedeker?" said Rudolph.



"I am going to stay right here until that handkerchief comes back!"

"Nein, nein," replied Gottlieb earnestly. "Such a zing it gifs not im Baedeker."

Rudolph hunted earnestly through Baedeker, but could find no description of sweet-corn on the cob. The German tourists looked around and saw that everybody else was eating it, and so they tried it.

"Das ist ja colossal," said Gottlieb.

"Das ist ja grossartig," declared Rudolph.

"Isn't this sweet-corn just grand?" said the young woman from Clifton Springs.

"Let 'em have geysers that want 'em," said the man from Kansas City, "this corn on the cob for mine."

The English delegation regarded the corn on the cob, and then the other tourists, and then looked steadily at each other.

"Fierce," said Lady Killjoy.

"Beastly stuff, I say," said Lord Killjoy.

And thus the merry meal continued.

Shortly after luncheon the big coaches rolled up and the second leg of the journey began. This was a nine-mile drive to Old Faithful geyser and the Old Faithful Inn. Just before the party reached the inn the cavalcade was halted to permit of a walk across the formations.

AT THE HANDKERCHIEF POOL

"Tell the swattie to show you the handkerchief pool," said the amiable Bo Hughes. "You get your handkerchief laundered while you wait."

The obliging swattie escorted the expedition to a little boiling pool of water. He borrowed the hand-

kerchief of the young woman from Clifton Springs and dabbled it in the water and then let go of it. It finally disappeared in a hole in the rocks at the bottom of the pool.

"It's gone," gasped the young woman from Clifton Springs.

"That's all right, ma'am," said the smiling swattie. "It's been taken down stairs to the washroom. It'll be properly policed down there and then sent back."

"Properly policed," said the young lady from Clifton Springs. "You mean arrested?"

"No'm," said the swattie. "'Properly policed' is soldier talk for thoroughly cleaned up."

"Oh," said the tourists in unison.

All stood in silence with their eyes riveted on the hole in the rock where the handkerchief had disappeared.

"It takes a half-minute or so," said the swattie.

A half-minute passed. No handkerchief.

"Sometimes it takes a minute or two," said the soldier.

Two minutes passed. The young woman from Clifton Springs looked reproachfully at the soldier. "I don't believe it's coming back at all," she said.

The swattie commenced to look uncomfortable. "Sometimes it stays down ten minutes, ma'am," he admitted.

More minutes passed. The young woman from Clifton Springs looked as if she was going to cry. The soldier was as red in the face as if he had been boiled.

All eyes were turned on him accusingly.

"Well," said the young woman from Clifton Springs, "I am going to stay right here until that handkerchief comes back."

The swattie breathed hard and said he had known handkerchiefs to stay down in the mysterious regions under the pool for a day or two.

Somebody in the crowd gave an exclamation of great joy. There was a whirl of white in the bottom of the pool. Soon the handkerchief shot up to the surface and the happy swattie rescued it and returned it to its owner.

"Das ist ja colossal," said Gottlieb.

"Das ist ja grossartig," exclaimed Rudolph.

"Wasn't it just too cute?" said the lady from Clifton Springs.

"Wouldn't it frost you?" said the man from Kansas City.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" chorused the tourists altogether.

"Silly," said Lady Killjoy.

"Bally rot," said my Lord Killjoy.

So the procession continued its way to the portals of Old Faithful Inn.

The editor and the artist were filled with amazement with all they saw in the Yellowstone, and especially with Old Faithful Geyser. Bo Hughes, the amiable driver, cautiously discoursed on the marvels of Old Faithful.

"I have to be careful how I tip anything off," said Bo Hughes. "They've got official guides at the



"Save yourselves—an awful bear is just behind us."

hotels, and if they see any of us savages taking the tourists around they get sore and kick about it to the old man. We ain't supposed to do any guiding. That's their game. But between friends that old waterspout there is two hundred feet high and—"

"The guidebook says 150, Bo," said the editor.

"Yes," said Bo Hughes, scornfully, "and how much did you pay for that guidebook? Twenty-five cents. All right. If you want to believe a twenty-five cent guidebook instead of me go ahead and believe it."

Mr. Hughes was plainly hurt, and he sat around in gloomy silence for some time.

The artist was appalled by the grandeur of Old Faithful.

"Magnificent, wonderful, appalling," he murmured. "What inspiration comes to me while watching it! What does it suggest to you?" he asked, in low, hushed tones, turning to the editor.

"I was thinking," said the editor, "what a cinch it would be to start a laundry here. Put all the clothes in a big cylinder and set it right over the geyser, and then every sixty-nine minutes the hot water would shoot through and clean—"

The artist had arisen and was walking away in disgust.

FOLLOW THE BEAR-GUARD

We saw a soldier marching steadily along toward the rear of the hotel.

"That's the bear-guard," said Bo Hughes. "Come on and see the bears."

"Why does a soldier go to guard the bear?" asked the editor. "Are they afraid that some of the tourists will bite the bear?"

"No," said Bo Hughes. "But they might throw sticks at him and make him mad, and then he would go to some other hotel for his evening meal and all the tourists would say that this hotel was no good because it didn't have no bear."

We sat patiently on a log until dark. There were many tourists and drivers, and the vigilant bear-guard. Everything was complete except the bear.

On the way back we passed the stage-coach barn and met the foreman, or, as he is more familiarly known, the barn dog.

"Get the barn dog to tell you some bear stories," said Bo Hughes. "He's the finest liar in the Yellowstone. He's certainly good."

The barn dog couldn't remember any stories about bears.

BARN DOG IN BAD FORM

"You ought to have been here last night, though," said the barn dog. "I saw the cutest sight I ever seed in my life. There was an old ma bear and three little children bears came outten th' woods to eat aroun' the scrap-heap. There was one of the toorists from the hotel, a she toorist with a little boy, down a-watchin' th' bears. Th' little boy was about the orniest boy you ever saw. He kept tryin' to throw things at the bears, an' th' swattie, who was actin' as bear-guard, kept tellin' of him to quit. Finally his

ma took the little boy up and she jest natcherally spanked him. Well, the ole bear was a-lookin' an' a-lookin'. I seed she was havin' trouble herself with her children. They kep' fuzzin' aroun' an' a-teazin' of her an' each other an' generally a misbehavin'. An' the ole lady bear she looked an' looked at the toorist lady a-spankin' of her kid, an' then, bles' if that ma bear didn't take up them cubs one by one jest as careful as you please an' put 'em across her knee an' spank 'em hard. Which I say is pretty good for a common ordinary lady bear what never had no civilizin' infloouences."

We walked away in the gloom and Bo Hughes shook his head sadly. "He wasn't in good form to-night," said Bo Hughes. "You ought to hear him when he is in condition."

There was no disappointment about the bears the next evening at the Lake Hotel. The tourists were picturesquely grouped along a rope, facing an open inclosure where the scrap-pile of the hotel was located. The tall, spectacled tourist from Boston asked the bear-guard why it was that the time for the arrival and departure of the coaches and the playing of the geysers was all carefully put down in the guidebooks and folders, but that no schedule was set down for the bear performance.

"That's all right, sir," said the soldier. "There's a little cinnamon bear comes down to the scrap-heap about twenty minutes to eight.

"Then a black bear comes down and runs him off. The black bear gets busy rooting around, but about



"The Brown Bear got—"

eight four he begins to git uneasy and he looks around, an' then, sir, if you look over to that bit of woods across there you'll see a big hulking shape coming out. That's the big grizzly. The black bear sees him and, oh, my, you want to see that black bear hit the trail an' hike for the tall grass."

The tourists thought the soldier was exaggerating, and the man from Boston was going to report him to the commanding officer for impudence, but it all happened just as the truthful cavalryman had related.

At twenty minutes to eight appeared the little cinnamon. Soon thereafter the brown bear loped into view and the cinnamon looked around as if to say he didn't think much of hotel scraps anyhow, and, besides, he had a date and was about going anyways, and away he went for the woods. The brown bear pawed around in the scrap-heap and ate everything in sight. Suddenly he commenced to sniff the air and look suspiciously around him.

"The grizzly is coming," whispered the bear-guard.

A big hulking shape came suddenly out of the woods. The brown bear stood not on the order of his going. He went, and he went in a terrible hurry. He bunched his feet and shot for the tall grass, only touching now and then in the higher spots. The big bear waddled up to the scrap-heap and sat down and went through it in a leisurely fashion to serve notice that no other bear was coming to chase him away. He was there for as long as he wanted to stay.

EXECUTES A REAR ATTACK

Suddenly there was a shriek from the young lady from Clifton Springs.

"Heavens," she shouted, "save yourselves. An awful bear is just behind us."

The spectacled man from Boston climbed a tree. Three school teachers from St. Louis sought flight, when they discovered they were fleeing toward the grizzly and stood helpless, shrieking for assistance. Two desperate he tourists drew penknives and said they would fight to the last, and the young woman from Clifton Springs fainted.

Sure enough, close behind the tourists was the ferocious brown bear growling savagely. Everybody expected to be eaten alive. It was a terrible moment.

The soldier on guard walked over to the bear and gave him a kick. "Gittoellouttenhere," said the soldier guard. The brown bear got.

"He always hangs aroun' after th' grizzly chases him off waiting for the old feller to git through with the scrap-pile so that he can go back," said the soldier man.

Peace and order was restored, and the young lady from Clifton Springs said she was going to see if she couldn't get a Carnegie medal for the brave young soldier who had prevented the horrid bear from eating up the entire delegation.

"Oh, these bears won't hurt you, ma'am," said the hero, modestly. "They hain't allowed to be shot at or bothered with an' all these wild animals in th' park

the're just as tame as you please. Why, even that big grizzly out there he's so used to human beings, an' he knows so well that they wouldn't hurt him, that you could walk right over there and give 'im a kiss an' he wouldn't care."

"Yes," said the young lady from Clifton Springs, gently, but firmly; "maybe I could, but I'm not going to."

"Well," said the bear-guard earnestly, anxious to save the young woman from another fright, "if you ever meet a bear in the woods don't run. He'll chase you, sure. He'll think you want to play tag with him and that you want him to chase you. Jest walk right up to the bear and spit terbacker juice in his eye."

"I don't use it," said the young lady from Clifton Springs, and she walked haughtily away.

The soldier looked confused and scratched his head in a puzzled way.

"That's right, too," said the soldier, "I never thought of that."

THE BLASE SISTER TEAM.

At the Cañon Hotel the thing to do was to look at the cañon, but most of the guests went out to see the bears. The two young women from Baltimore wouldn't even look at the bears. Their suit-cases were covered with tags of all the hotels of Europe, and what cared they for cañons or bears. Still, they had a beautiful time in the Yellowstone, for they carried a trunk full of novels and they killed the weary hours spent in driving through the park by



"Have a care—remember the swatties are all about us."

reading what Algernon said as he clasped Clarice to his palpitating bosom after a year's absence in the jungles. They were apathetic regarding the wonders. The driver would say:

"There's a geyser that plays over ten minutes," and one of the Baltimore ladies would look up dreamily and say, "Does it? How foolish. Oh, dear me, you made me lose my place."

The young woman from Clifton Springs was enthusiastic, though. She went into such raptures over all the geysers that Bo Hughes was worried.

"She's crazy about the geysers," said Mr. Hughes. "She wants to buy one and take it home for her little brother to play with."

"Well," said the editor, "if the lady wants a nice little geyser of her own to take home, why shouldn't she have it? Let's get her one. What's a little geyser more or less between friends?"

"Say," said Bo Hughes, "these geysers can't be took away. It wouldn't do any good, anyway. They wouldn't geysse any outside the park."

"I don't see why," said the editor, pleasantly. "You could build a fire under them and keep the water hot."

Bo Hughes said his position as driver of the Monida and Yellowstone Coach Company prevented his arguing the question further in the exact words he would like to use, so he went down and kicked a bear that was trying to make an honest living out of the garbage pile.

DARK HUNT FOR SOUVENIRS.

"Are you going to take a geyser to the loved ones at home?" asked the editor, genially, of the young woman from Clifton Springs.

"I wish I could," said the lady from Clifton Springs, "but these swatties or spotties, or whatever it is they call the soldiers, won't let anybody pick up a single thing. I've got a few little petrified rocks and things, though, in my pocket that I got when nobody was looking."

"They'll search you when you go out, you know," said the editor.

"What!" gasped the lady from Clifton Springs. "And they call this a free country."

Her distress was so evident that the editor relented. "Well, they won't do that, but they will look at you harshly if they think you've got something that you didn't buy at one of the official curio stores."

The lady from Clifton Springs studied the editor earnestly for awhile and decided she would confide in him.

"Sh!" said the lady from Clifton Springs, "come over here and I will tell you all. Some of the rest got some curios, too, that they picked up, but I don't mind telling you about it."

"Sh!" said the editor, "do not let the geysers hear. They may spout. Who's in the gang?"

"Well," said the lady from Clifton Springs, "there's mother——"

"What!" gasped the editor, "and at her age, too, and engaged in this plot against the government. Horrors!"

"And there's 'Ichabod Crane,' as you call him, the tall man in the sheath clothes from New Jersey, and his wife, and those two school-teachers from California."

"Give me the grip and the pass words," demanded the editor; "tell me, where are the papers."

"There aren't any papers," said the lady from Clifton Springs; "we just made it up together to pick up little rocks and things that the spotties or the swatties won't let us pick up. Why, they don't amount to anything and they're only as big as your thumb, and it's against the rules to touch the teeniest pebble. But we pick up anything we can and then we meet and trade. I wish you would take the things I've got and wait here for the rest and see what they picked up and trade with them."

COMPARING THE TREASURES.

The lady from Clifton Springs looked cautiously around and then produced a piece of obsidian about as big as a cent. She also had what she declared was a stick of petrified wood.

"When we were photographing the bear," said the lady from Clifton Springs, "I saw it on the ground and the spottie wasn't looking and I just picked it up. I've just got to have some souvenirs; I don't care if I do go to jail."

"Ichabod Crane" and the two school-teachers from California now stealthily approached.

The two school-teachers received the editor with joy to their band, but Ichabod Crane looked suspicious.



"Messieurs et Madame—le mutton est mort."

"That's all right," said the editor. "Don't think I'm a spy or an informer. I'm with the gang all the way through."

"What souvenirs have you picked up?" asked Ichabod, in a "show me" tone.

"Here's a chunk of mud out of the paint pot," said the editor, "and observe a rock plucked from the crater of Old Faithful himself."

There was an admiring burst of applause from all, checked by a wave of Ichabod's hand. "Have a care," he said, "remember the swatties are all about us. Let there be no display of swag or interchange of booty until we are out of the park."

The secret meeting of the Mafia of the Yellowstone thus terminated and conspirators glided out to the work.

WHY THE OFFICER SWATTIES.

At Mammoth Hot Springs in the north end of the park the lady from Clifton Springs discovered why the government kept swatties in the park.

"It's so that there can be nice cute officer swatties here to dance with the girl tourists," said the lady from Clifton Springs. "I just met the cutest officer swattie. He took me over to the Liberty Gap and the Minerva terrace. It's awfully sweet. It looks like a soda fountain. And to-night there's going to be a hop in the hotel."

After dinner the hop was held as per program. The young cavalry officers from the post, who were as brown and freckled as farm hands, but were none

the less the heroes of the evening, appeared in force.

The dance went merrily on. The officers were the most popular males present. The he tourists sat at one side and smoked and yawned and read guide books and commented on the way the little second lieutenant danced. The second lieutenant's dancing position was one of the wonders of the Yellowstone. He would twist himself into the exact shape of a pretzel and swing his feet like he was roller skating.

"They ought to rule him out," said the artist, as he returned after a dance. "He's stabbed me three times with his spurs and I'm going to have directory pants on pretty soon—you know, slit down the sides."

The tourists went back the next day to Norris, the luncheon station, and then in the afternoon started on the twenty-mile journey back to Yellowstone station, the terminal of the Oregon Short Line, at the west entrance to the park.

FAREWELL TO BO HUGHES.

"I'm glad you had a good time," said Bo Hughes, as we neared Yellowstone. "Everybody does that comes out here. I never heard a kick yet. They've got this 'Seeing Yellowstone' down pretty fine. These M-Y coaches shoot around the park like railroad trains. If a savage gets in five minutes late everybody around the barn kids him because he didn't make his schedule. Yet everybody has plenty of time to see everything and photograph their heads off. I like working in a place where everybody is happy. See? I used to think I'd like to live in Chicago. It's a per-

manent camp, they tell me. But you can't learn an old dog new tricks. They've got the M-Y brand on me now the same as on the horses an' the coaches, an' I guess I'll never get far from the corral. Bo Hughes of the M-Y outfit, Yellowstone. That's me. Good-bye; take care of yourselves."

And thus we said farewell to Bo Hughes.

The tourists repaired with celerity to the big dining-room at Yellowstone and ate so ravenously that the artist couldn't see where there was any money in running a restaurant or hotel in the park. The train was ready, and after dinner everybody took a look in the direction of the park and said good-bye.

The train was speeding through the heavy forests of Montana with the tourists sitting about in the Pullmans telling over to each other their exciting adventures in the Yellowstone, when there was a series of short whistles from the engine, the air brakes were applied and the train stopped suddenly. The editor shot into the lap of the lady from Clifton Springs and the artist and faithful George, the porter, united in a brotherly clasp to save each other from falling.

There was silence for a moment and then one of the two German tourists with the Baedeker said, after two sly peeks into his "English as She Is Spoken in Ten Lessons:"

"This train he has stopped."

"This train he has ge-stopped," echoed Gottlieb Baedeker.

"It dun stop all rite," said faithful George, and we all went outside to see what the trouble was.

It was very dark and the trainmen were too busy to answer inquiries. We saw something under the engine and all stood silent and, following the example of the editor, removed our hats.

"The man is dead," said the editor, who was always cool in moments of excitement. "Secure stimulants for him at once."

We rushed back to the Pullman and importuned everyone for liquor.

The entire supply seemed to have been used up while the tourists were seeing the park. The lady from Clifton Springs hastily dashed forth with a bottle of cologne and some smelling salts. The fond mother with the two little children contributed paregoric and castor oil. Rudolph Baedeker brought forth a traveling medicine case. It was full of perfectly good medicines with a hand-book in five languages accompanying. We found the English translations and eagerly looked down the page.

No. 1 bottle was for rheumatism, No. 2 for toothache, No. 3 for indigestion, No. 4 for headache, and No. 5 for neuralgia. We looked hurriedly all through the various numbers but could find nothing to be used in case of being run over by a railroad train.

"We must procure stimulants," said the editor, sternly, "that is the best thing in the case of emergency."

NEED FOR A LINGUIST

The fond mother wanted to tell us what she did the time little Jimmy fell out of the apple tree and the man from Boston started to relate how he took

care of his brother when a bunch of firecrackers went off in his pocket, but the rescue party had no time to listen. We pushed on in search of strong drink. We found a party of four French people who spoke no English. Their guide was asleep somewhere and we didn't know how to ask them what berth or what car he was in.

The editor waved all hands back. "I'll speak to them in their own tongue," he said majestically.

All stood in awesome silence while the editor, with a bow, said:

"Pardonnez moi, messieurs et madame. Avez vous une bouteille or flask de pantaloon de creme de menthe."

The French party shook their heads and the editor turned despairingly.

"What do you want of that green creme de mint stuff?" asked the artist. "This isn't a banquet or anything like that. We want just some plain every-day booze."

"Creme de menthe is the only spirituous drink that I know the name of in French," said the editor sadly. "I pretty near know how to say whisky or brandy. It's o de—de something. I can't think what. Wait a minute. Now I got it."

Turning on the puzzled looking French visitors, the editor said:

"Pardonnez moi, messieurs et madame, avez vous l'eau de vie?"

"Eau de vie!" shouted the French party. "Oui, oui, oui."



"They're all good lookers, too. Gee! I wish I was a Mormon,"
said the artist.

They said many things in French which the editor translated as being requests to know why the eau de vie was wanted.

"Tell 'em," said the artist.

"Messieurs et madame," said the editor. "L'homme est mort."

"I said the man is dead," explained the editor.

The French party immediately produced two bottles of brandy and three quarts of champagne.

We seized it and hastily rushed back to the front of the train, followed by the French party and all the other passengers.

The party stood silently in the night around the tender while the editor lit a match to reveal the victim of the catastrophe.

It was a great relief to all to find that the poor victim of our train was only a Texas steer, who had sought the middle of the track at a crossing as a place to slumber.

The French party had now joined the group and pushed their way through to view the remains.

"Messieurs et madame," said the editor, bowing. "Permettez moi exhibiter le victime de catastrophe. Le mutton est mort."

"That's not a sheep," objected the artist, "that's a steer."

The French party lit matches and eagerly viewed the remains.

"Non, non, non, messieurs," they said with great vehemence.

It was time for some real master of the French

tongue to appear. That's why I had been waiting until the editor should exhibit all of his ignorance of the French language. It was now my chance. I recalled to mind all of the French menu cards I had ever read and, stepping forth, I said:

"Messieurs et vous madame, c'est non le mutton, c'est langue fumee aux epinards est mort."

The French delegation were quite satisfied by the explanation and returned to their sleeper. They were so overcome with hearing their language so beautifully spoken away out in what they regarded as wildest America that they forgot to ask for the eau de vie and the champagne to be returned.

At breakfast on the dining-car the artist silently pointed out on the menu card "langue fumee aux epinards." We ordered it and it was beef tongue with spinach.

"C'est non mutton," said the artist, "c'est langue fumee aux epinards est mort."

All the way down to Salt Lake City we were busy looking for Mormons. The artist man had never seen a Mormon in his life and wanted to get a nice tame one and make a picture of him. Finally the artist came back to the varnished Pullman car in great excitement.

"Bagged one!" said the artist. "He's in the car ahead with twenty-two wives. And they're all good-lookers, too. Gee! I wish I was a Mormon."

The artist went back to the car ahead and had drawn a picture of the Mormon and sixteen of his wives when the Mormon person came over and

introduced himself and took great interest in the pictures.

"You don't mind my drawing these ladies' pictures, do you?" asked the artist nervously, for the Mormon person was large and vulgarly healthy.

"Not on your life," said the genial elder, "and if you would rather have photographs I've got a bunch of 'em right here in this suitcase."

The artist breathed freer. "Which one is your favorite?" he asked. "I'll make an especially nice picture of her and send you the original."

"Now, nix on that favorite business," said the elder. "That don't go with me. I treat 'em all alike. When they do their work well everything's lovely, and they get their little bunch of money every pay-day."

"Well," said the artist, "that's all new to me. So they have a regular pay-day, do they? That's not a bad idea."

"Sure, there's a regular pay-day," said the elder. "And if any of 'em get gay or don't work I tie the can right pronto."

"Tie the can," said the artist. "What, you send them away?"

"Sure," said the elder. "I fire 'em. Give 'em a little rattler back East and say: Beat it, kid. You've got a good disposish, but your work is course."

NOT A BAD IDEA.

"Say," said the artist, reaching over, "that isn't such a thoroughly rotten idea, I like that the more I think of it."

"Why," said the elder, "there's nothing new about that; that's the way they all do."

"I suppose so," said the artist; "but, you see, as I said before, this is all new to me. So you fire 'em if their work isn't good. But just where do you draw the line. You wouldn't tie the can to one of 'em just because she couldn't make bread or if she burned the cake, would you?"

"Naw, nothing like that," said the elder in fine scorn. "Why, this bunch couldn't boil a fried egg. Say, what do you think this is, anyhow? Here's my card."

The stranger fished around in his pocket and finally produced a card which read:

<p>W. E. Bunce Proprietor and Manager of Bunce's Beautiful Bright Burlesquers.</p>
--

"That's me," said Mr. Bunce. "These gals are the troupe. The rest of the mob, including the carpenter and the electrician, are up in the smoking car, taking money away from the orchestra by a process known as pinochle. Are you on?"

The artist came back to the varnished car with a tired smile and never said another word about Mormons for two hours.

There are certain things you have to see when you go to Salt Lake City. One of these is the Tabernacle, that wonderful auditorium seating 8,000, which

the Mormons began soon after they settled in the valley in 1847, and the huge vaulted roof of which they put together in some mysterious manner without nails, because nails caravanned across the desert cost \$1 the pound. But the guidebooks tell all about this, and also about the acoustic properties of the Tabernacle, which permit of a pin dropped in the pulpit being heard in the gallery a mile away. I think it is a mile, but it might be more.

HEARING THE GREAT ORGAN.

So to the Tabernacle we went to hear the noon recital played by the organist, John McClelland, upon that wonderful organ, the second largest in the country, and which was built away back in the '50s by the energetic followers of Joseph Smith.

Our party consisted of the artist, the Baedeker boys of Dresden, Saxony, the editor, the colonel, whose habitat is Salt Lake City, and the writer.

The crowd filed in slowly and solemnly and a deathlike silence ensued, broken only by ushers, who walked on their tiptoes and mysteriously pointed out vacant seats to new arrivals.

"We're butting in on a funeral," said the artist, "let's go before our transfers run out."

But a man with a long, gray beard arose away up in the front of the Tabernacle and raised his hand.

"The doors of the Tabernacle are about to be closed," he said solemnly. "Those who cannot spend the entire time, forty-five minutes, of the organ recital here are requested to leave now, as the doors will be



"Die Wacht am Rhine."

closed and no one will be permitted to leave during the concert."

The man with a beard waited and then waved his hand impressively. The doors shut with hollow reverberations.

There was a long silence and then the organist appeared. He sat down at the organ, but no sounds came from it.

"I hope he doesn't play just yet," whispered the artist. "There's a band or something playing about a mile away. You can just hear it. Listen."

We listened. The sounds became louder.

"It's the organ," said the artist.

It was wonderful music. Sometimes the notes of the organ had the roar and majesty of thunder, and the great Tabernacle seemed to rock from the volume of the sound. Then they died away entirely and there would come the peeping of birds, and the soft music of a mountain rill.

MARVELOUS VOX HUMANA.

"Listen," said the artist, "there's a girl singing, what wonderful, clear high notes. I never heard an angel sing, but I imagine it's something like that. Can you see her? Where is she standing?"

But there was no singer. It was only the organ. Then the organ imitated a mixed quartet so perfectly that in looking into the dim recesses around it we could fairly see the fat bass with the high collar and the pale, handsome tenor with a blonde mustache and the new gray tie. The little alto was there, too,

fat as a partridge, and a tall, graceful blonde with a veil that sopranos always wear and as unmindful as a statue of the sheep's eye glances of the tenor.

After the quartet had finished and rustled down into their seats and dropped their hymn books on the floor beside their chairs and the tenor had pulled his blonde mustache and whispered something to the soprano, and the bass had slipped a couple of cough lozenges into his mouth, and was trying to eat them without moving his jaws, an orchestra played. And straightway the quartet vanished and we could see the orchestra. It wasn't hard to make out

"The leader there
With his pale, bleak forehead and long black hair,
And the second and cello and bass,
And the B-flat puffing and pouting his face
Into the little horn he blew
Silvery bubbles of music through."

It was a solo number and a pudgy Italian, with long, black hair, and a white, solemn face came out and played on a sobbing cello the matchless intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." Then the great organ itself boomed out and we pictured a battle and the roar of the big guns and the hate and lust and carnage of battle. But the bugles sounded a peace as night came on and the stars twinkled and the wind blew soft and gentle through the trees and there was no noise, only now and then one night-bird calling to another. The leaves rustled, the world slept.

PROPERLY SAT ON.

Nobody spoke for some minutes after the organ stopped. Then a woman tourist said, "Wasn't that the most wonderful music you ever heard?"

"Wonderful," said the artist. "It was perfectly cute."

The lady tourist glared in anger, but she said no more, which was the result the artist was after.

When the recital was over the colonel, who was acting as near guide, took us back to meet the organist and to hear the wonderful instrument put through its paces.

"I would be just as pleased," said the artist, as we walked down the dark vista of seats. "If somebody would reach up and grab down the rainbow and show me how it was nailed against the clouds, how the colors were woven in so they wouldn't fade, and that the red part of it was made out of rotten tomatoes all smashed together and smeared on with a spade."

Which reminded the colonel of a story.

"I was in the executive room of the governor of our state one Decoration day," said the colonel, "when an old man came in; he was shabbily dressed and covered with dust. 'Gov'ner,' he said, 'I have walked sixteen miles this hot day to come to the national cem'tery out here. When my boy, my littlest boy, put on his blue suit and shouldered his gun and kissed his ma good-by and said: Don' cry, mammie, your boy's going out for to fight; he turned to me

and said: Dad, I jes want you to promise me one thing. Ef they get me, dad, an' I come home in a box, I want you and mam to see that my grave is kep' green. And then Gov'ner, he went away and after Shiloh I saw his name among those who died on the field of battle. They brought him back an' buried him right out yere in the national cemetery. Gov'ner, through all these years I've kep' my promise to my boy. I've kep' his grave green, an' I'm going to keep it green, Gov'ner, as long as there's life in this old body. I'm going to keep that boy's grave green, Gov'ner, if I have to paint it by hek. Lend me four bits Gov'ner, if you will, to buy a can o' paint.'"

AUTOPSY OF THE ORGAN

"That's the idea," said the artist. "I can imagine that lady tourist saying she will produce all the music she heard played on the Tabernacle organ if she has to get a melodeon and a steam piano to do it."

The artist hung back, but the Baedeker boys seized him by the arms and dragged him into the oratory.

The organist took us to the keyboard of the organ and showed us the stops and the note produced by each one. "When I pull out this stop," he said, "you see we have the note of a flute, and with these two observe the trombone effect. And with these stops I get my violin, and here is how I make the quartet sing and this is my prima donna. And listen when this stop is out. Hear the bird? Now, what would you like to have me play?"

"Ach, blease," said the Baedeker boys in unison.

The organist ran his fingers over the keys and then the great organ thrilled with the booming martial music of "Die Wacht am Rhine." The German contingent stood up as suddenly as though they had been yanked from their chairs. Their heels clinked together and their hands came to their heads in salute. We all stood up out of courtesy. The Baedeker boys' eyes glistened and finally big tears rolled down their cheeks.

"Wunderschoen," said Gottlieb Baedeker. "I haf heard 'Die Wacht am Rhine' as never before have I heard it."

"And now," said the colonel, "I am going to ask Mr. McClelland to take us back into the organ, and we will examine the pipes and see just how the wonderful shading of the tones is produced."

"Stop," said the artist. "Tear a butterfly to pieces if you want to, and find out if the colors on its wings will fade; rob the firefly of its lantern and examine it under your microscope; crush the springtime violet to see if it has perfume; count the heart beats of the maid when she waits in the evening down at the old swinging gate for her lover; but, as for me, I go no further with this autopsy. I have heard to-day the most wonderful music I ever listened to, and that is sufficient."

So the artist stalked haughtily from the Tabernacle and the rest of the party trailed after him.

We came out of the Tabernacle and the majestic Temple Building caught the artist's eye.

"Let's go in there," said the artist.

"Yah," said the Baedeker boys in chorus. "Let us to the Temple."



*"Now you may come forward and kiss papa—do not push or crowd,
but wait your turn."*

But the volunteer man from Cook's barred the way.

"Only Mormons may enter the Temple," said the colonel.

"I'll join," said the artist, promptly.

"Ve will choin," said the Baedeker boys.

"Nothing doin'," said the colonel. "You can look at it, but kindly pass by on the other side."

We took the Baedeker boys over to see the Amelia House, once the residence of Brigham Young's favorite wife, and the Bee Hive and the Lion House opposite, where he kept the remainder of his flock.

ALL ABOUT THE MORMONS

The Baedeker boys were eager to know about the Mormons, and we told them many things that Mr. Baedeker had neglected to state.

"Brigham Young was in his study one day," said the artist, "when a man rushed in and said: 'Mr. Young, your wife Lucinda has met with an accident.' Mr. Young turned to his secretary very quietly and said: 'Mr. Secretary, look over the records and find out if I have a wife named Lucinda.'"

"Ach, ist das nicht wunderhuebsch?" said the Baedeker boys.

The artist looked very proud and happy.

"After a good many of Brigham's children had grown up," said the artist, "he used to give receptions to his family, so they could sort of get acquainted. He always acted as master of ceremonies himself. He would see a nice looking young woman standing, perhaps alone, over by the conservatory, and he would

ask his secretary: 'Who is that?' and the secretary would say: 'Oh, permit me, sir, to introduce you to your daughter, Clarissa,' and Mr. Young would say: 'Pleased, I'm sure. Are you residing in Salt Lake City now, and how do you like our little town?' Then he would take the young woman around and say: 'Ah, John, permit me to make you acquainted with your sister Clarissa.' 'Very happy to meet you,' John would remark. 'Let's sit down and have a cozy chat. I seem to recall your face. Are you the one that shoved a rattle in my eye one night in the nursery? So you are.' And Clarissa would say: 'Oh, yes, I remember it well. What a crush there is here to-night, to be sure. Come over here; I want you to meet your sister Fannie.'"

"Ach," said the Baedeker boys. "Zuch a ting it gifs not in Baedeker."

MRS. YOUNGS IN CONVENTION

"Oh, I've got Baedeker beat a mile," said the artist. "Brigham was a very devoted family man. He used to assemble his wives every morning, and when they were all seated he would sit down and say: 'Wives, come to order. Do you love papa? All who do, say aye; contrary, nay. The ayes have it. What is the pleasure of the meeting?' Then a wife on the front row would arise and say:

"'Mr. Husband.'

"Brigham would say: 'Wives in addressing the chair must remember to give their names and number.'

"The wife would say, 'I am Hortense, number two hundred and thirty-six.'"

"Ach," the Baedeker boys exclaimed in chorus, "zuch a ting it gifs not in Baedeker."

"Well, Brigham would recognize the wife that had the floor," pursued the artist, "and she would say:

" 'Mr. Husband and sister wives, I move you that an appropriation of seventeen dollars and thirty-five cents be made to buy me a new bumbazine dress.'

"Then one of the other wives would bob up and shriek, 'Mr. Husband, a point of order.'

" 'State your point of order,' Brigham would say.

" 'Well, my point of order is,' the wife who had just risen would say, 'that that cat has got on my new hat, the one you gave me four months ago, with the black ostrich feathers.'

" 'Point of order sustained,' Brigham would say, rapping with his gavel.

" 'Hortense, number two hundred and thirty-six, give back that hat.'

" 'Mr. Husband,' number two hundred and thirty-six would say with dignity, 'a point of personal privilege, if you please. That hussy who says I have her hat is wearing my new rat under her bangs at this very minute.'

"Then there would be a terrible row and plumes and hairpins and things would be flying all over the room. Brigham would have to pretty nearly pound a hole in the desk with the gavel before he could get quiet.

"Then he would say: 'Girls, girls, I am astonished at you. If such an unseemly riot occurs again I will

go and marry an old ladies' home. Let us dispense with further business this morning and permit the chair again to put the old question, 'Does oo love papa?' Affirmative aye, contrary no, the ayes have it. Now, you may come forward and kiss papa. Form line on the left, please; do not push or crowd, but wait your turn. No rain checks given to those who leave the hall during the intermission.'

"Yes," said the artist, concluding, "Salt Lake City was much more interesting when Brigham was here."

"Ach," said the Baedeker boys, "wunderschoen, and it is all of truth. Zuch a ting it gifs not in Baedeker."

The German contingent were not quite satisfied that the artist had adhered strictly to the unvarnished truth in his delightful description of early days in Salt Lake City and so they appealed to the colonel as to whether or not the artist had spoken the truth.

"Well, anyhow," said the colonel, evasively, "it's as true as a lot of other foolish stuff that has been printed about the Mormons."

"But must we believe?" asked the Baedeker boys.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, "there are people who have lived in this country all their lives, while you have lived here but a few weeks. They would swallow just what your friend, the artist, has said in one gulp, and cry like a child for more. So it would not be without precedent for you to accept without further resistance what he has so beautifully set forth. Still, he'd better not let President Roosevelt hear him rave like that. He'll get in the Ananias Club."

The Baedeker boys were silent, but they conversed in low tones with each other and kept their hands on their watches and pocket books whenever the artist came near.

SWIMMING ON SALT LAKE

The colonel suggested that we must not forget we were expected to visit the Great Salt Lake before leaving the city and he hurried us down to the railroad and put us aboard the cars and we went out to Saltair, the Coney Island of Salt Lake City. At the big pavilion, we got bathing suits and keys to dressing-rooms and walked what the artist estimated to be three miles past long rows of dressing-rooms until we finally found the ones assigned to us. After I had put my bathing suit on I was somewhat diffident about appearing in it in public. It seemed to be a misses' size, number 3 on a D last. The artist and the German colony, however, put up such frantic appeals for me to come forth that I finally stepped out to the view of the cold and cruel world. The artist and the Baedeker boys were just saying, "Oh, come on in you look all right. Come on."

I stepped forth.

The artist and the Baedeker boys looked at me for awhile without saying anything and then the artist said, "Well, of course, if you don't want to go in, that's all right. You can dress and watch us swim."

Rudolph Baedeker said: "Ach! it ist as you say. You must^t nodt in the water go if you do not wish to it."

Gottlieb Baedeker looked at me long and thoughtfully and said: "Zuch a ting it gifs not in Baedeker."

After such a reception I insisted on entering the water.

"Well, anyhow," said the artist, "you go inside your nice little bath-house and wait until I get you a bathing suit."

With great hauteur I replied in this fashion:

"Thank you I have a bathing suit on."

"Honest, cross your heart?" asked the artist.

"What do you call what I am wearing?" I said haughtily.

"Well, that'll be a bathing suit by next fall," said the artist hopefully. "Of course, it's young yet. But you'd better go back and wait for us to come out. You don't want to spoil the party, do you?"

In spite of the rude comment, I followed the artist and the Baedeker boys into the lake.

A large part of the population of Salt Lake City was giddily sporting in the water.

"This water feels heavy as lead," said the editor. "Is it really salt?"

Somebody thoughtfully removed the editor's feet from under him and he went clear under.

When he came up and had quit coughing he said: "It really is."

We taught the Baedeker boys how easy it was to float on the water. They tried it and immediately burst out into a chorus of enthusiastic praise.

"Ach," shrieked Gottlieb Baedeker, "das ist ja wunderschoen."

"Das ist ja grossartig," said Rudolph Baedeker.

"How do you in English say wunderschön und grossartig?" asked Gottlieb Baedeker.

"Fine and dandy," said the artist.

"Ach," said Gottlieb, splashing about in the water, "das ist find und tandy."

"Find und tandy," echoed Rudolph.

We floated in the Great Salt Lake until we concluded we had done our full duty toward this great scenic feature of Salt Lake City. It was dark when we finally emerged from the water. I wanted to come out before, but the artist and the Baedeker boys had a conversation in German and insisted on my continuing to sport in the briny waves until night had spread her sheltering mantle over all.

We rode back to Salt Lake City, and on the way the Baedeker boys importuned the artist to tell them more interesting historical incidents concerning the Mormons.

"There is so much to tell," said the artist, "I hardly know where to begin. But for one thing, you observe what wide streets there are in Salt Lake City, two or three times as wide as streets in Chicago."

"Id is drue," said the Baedeker boys. "Warum ist das?"

A FAMILY PRECAUTION

"It is because of this thing," said the learned artist. "You observed this afternoon when I was lecturing about Brigham Young and I showed you the Amelia House, the residence of his favorite wife, on one side

of the street, and the Bee Hive and the Lion House, the residences of his other wives, on the opposite side of the street?"

"Yes, yes," said the Baedeker boys eagerly.

"Well," said the artist, "when Brigham laid out the city and decided to keep the favorite wife on one side of the street and the common or garden variety of wives on the other, he thought it would be a very fine idea to make that street good and wide. So, accordingly, to make the town uniform, all the streets were made wide."

"Ach Baedeker, he speaks of that nozzing," said Gottlieb.

"Of course not," said the artist; "Baedeker never knew. I don't suppose he says anything in that book you've got there either about social customs in Salt Lake City during Brigham's time."

"Not a word," said Gottlieb and Rudolph together.

"Well," said the artist, reflectively, "social customs at that time were necessarily quite different from what they are to-day. For instance, if you were inviting a man and his wife to dinner, you couldn't dream of letting a man bring all the wives he had. So the invitations would read something like this:

MR. HIRAM GOURD'S Compliments to MR. JOSHUA CURRYCOMB And One Wife, For Dinner Thursday Evening

"Is it possible?" said the Baedeker boys.

On the way back from the West we decided to

go to Denver. We hadn't kept pace during the last few years with the way they are building up the West and we hadn't known that the Union Pacific Railroad went to Denver. The artist said that if the Union Pacific railroad could afford to go to Denver so could we. So we went. The Baedeker boys were delighted. They had wanted to visit Denver but had some sort of an idea they would have to go around by Kansas City and trek across the plains in an emigrant wagon. When they found they could go to sleep in Wyoming and wake up in Denver they were delighted.

CITY OF HOMES AND BOULEVARDS

We rode in automobiles over the splendid boulevards of Denver and past miles and miles of red stone and brick houses that were all beautiful but all looked so much alike that the artist didn't know how a man who went home at night from the Denver Club could ever pick out his own happy home. But then all who go home at night from the Denver Club are not artists out for a perfectly careless tour of the West. We liked the Denver Club very much and it was with grief that we tore ourselves away to go to all the natural show places around Denver. We took in the Garden of the Gods, and rode mule back through more ravines than we could count. We kept our eyes open for gold mines and struck pay ore in a little cañon. One of the Baedeker boys found a dollar bill and it was only with the greatest difficulty that we prevented him from staking out a claim and developing his mine. He regarded the dollar bill as



GARDNER CANYON AND
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an outcropping of a dollar-bill ledge which, if worked, the artist admitted would probably run fifteen bushels of dollar bills to the ton. But we were there to see the country and enjoy the mountain air and bask in the glorious sunshine and not grab opportunities that belonged to poor and honest prospectors.

We went to Colorado Springs and then to climb to the top of Pike's Peak. This is not such a hard climb as the ascent of the Matterhorn. Pike's Peak is about as high as the Matterhorn; but, when people climb that, they make all kinds of a row about it and either write a book about their daring or else give a lecture, illustrated with colored slides, with a picture of the heroic guide, Pierre, hanging by one hand and two eye-lashes over a gorge two million feet deep. We took the honor of ascending Pike's Peak modestly. It cost us some effort, to be sure, as well as fifty cents a piece for tickets and the artist gave a cigar to the conductor on the cable car that took us. And yet we have not written any books on the subject and will not deliver any lectures, and only make this passing reference as a sort of rebuke to other mountain climbers that take their little performances so seriously. We played golf at Colorado Springs in the day time and another game at night that has a wheel at one end and a lot of numbers scattered around on a neat oil cloth—but that is another matter. We went up to Creede and heard more talk about money than we had ever listened to before in our lives. We wanted to stay there a week or two and open a mine and get a couple of million dollars to take back home, but we

didn't like any of the mines. It seems a pity that they always build these mines so far away from State Street. The artist decided that if he ever did open a mine he would have it somewhere around the Auditorium and not more than two blocks from the Chicago Athletic Club. Then mining for gold could be carried on not only profitably but much more pleasantly.

We met an agreeable man clad in sepulchral black with a spotless white shirt and collar and black tie. Also he had only one eye.

The Baedeker boys wanted to talk to him because they thought he was a Mormon elder, but the artist bet he was an Episcopal rector and I laid five dollars on his being a Methodist preacher. We all lost because he was merely the lookout at the Red Eagle saloon's faro table; which demonstrated to us how a brave soul could overcome physical infirmities and, handicapped though he might be by the loss of an eye, could still so develop what sight he had left as to become the lookout of a faro bank. Our time passed so quickly that we were headed for home before we realized it. The Baedeker boys found the Union Pacific also ran to Kansas City and a lot of other places and they said for the rest of their time in America they would stick to the U. P.

"It, this railroad," said Rudolph Baedeker, "goes to all of places in this great country. On it we only will travel. Perhaps, it goes at the last up to the sky; perhaps, to that other place. It is not in Baedeker, no, but this the railroad goes with such swiftness to all wonderful places that Herr Baedeker can not know."

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